

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectlie to the Jewes house.

*Gob.* Be Gods senties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelot* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

*Laun.* Talke you of yong Master *Launcelot*, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister *Launcelot*?

*Gob.* No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue.

*Laun.* Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister *Launcelot*.

*Gob.* Your worships friend and *Launcelot*.  
*Laun.* But I praie you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong Maister *Launcelot*.

*Gob.* Of *Launcelot*, ant please your maistership.

*Laun.* *Ergo* Maister *Launcelot*, talke not of maister *Lancelot* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen.

*Gob.* Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgell or a houell, post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

*Gob.* Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule aliue or dead.

*Laun.* Doe you not know me Father.

*Gob.* Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wife Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, giue me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out.

*Gob.* Praie you sit stand vp, I am sure you are not *Lancelot* my boy.

*Laun.* Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Lancelot* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Lancelot* the Jewes man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is *Margerie* indeede, He be sworne if thou be *Lancelot*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worships might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorse has on his taile.

*Laun.* It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lost saw him.

*Gob.* Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to run awaie, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; my Maister's a verie Jew, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who indeede giues rare new Liueries, if I serue

not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Jew if I serue the Jew anie longer.

*Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.*

*Bass.* You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be readie at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

*Laun.* To him Father.

*Gob.* God blesse your worship.

*Bass.* Gramercie, would'st thou ought with me.

*Gob.* Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

*Laun.* Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Jewes man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

*Gob.* He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

*Laun.* Indeeede the short and the long is, I serue the Jew, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

*Gob.* His Maister and he (sauiug your worships reuerence) are scarce catercolins.

*Laun.* To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the Jew hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father be- ing I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.

*Gob.* I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon your worship, and my suite is.

*Laun.* In verie briefe, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

*Bass.* One speake for both, what would you?

*Laun.* Serue you sir.

*Gob.* That is the verie defect of the matter sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite, *Shylocke* thy Maister spoke with me this daie, And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment

To leaue a rich Jewes seruice, to become The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

*Clo.* The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene my Maister *Shylocke* and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well; go Father with thy Son, Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

*Clo.* Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* haue a fairer table which doth offer to sweate vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wiuues, alas, fiftene wiuues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, I'll take my leaue of the Jew in the twinkling.

*Exit Clowne.*

*Bass.* I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this, These things being bought and orderly bestowed Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night My best esteemd acquaintance, bid thee goe.

*Leon.* My best endeavors shall be done herein, *Exit Leon.*

*Enter Gratiano.*

*Gra.* Where's your Maister.

*Leon.* Yonder

*Leon.* Yonder sir he walkes.

*Gra.* Signior *Bassanio*.

*Bass.* *Gratiano*.

*Gra.* I haue a sute to you.

*Bass.* You haue obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why then you must: but heare thee *Gratiano*,

Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,

Parts that become thee happily enough,

And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults;

But where they are not knowne, why there they show

Something too liberall, pray thee take paine

To allay with some cold drops of modestie

Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaviour

I be misconsterd in the place I goe to,

And loose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior *Bassanio*, heare me,

If I doe not put on a sober habite,

Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than,

Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:

Vicall the obseruance of ciuillitie

Like one well studied in a sad ostent

To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me

By what we doe to night.

*Bass.* No that were pittie,

I would intreate you rather to put on

Your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends

That purpose merriment: but far you well,

I haue some businesse.

*Gra.* And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest,

But we will visite you at supper time. *Exit.*

*Enter Iessica and the Clowne.*

*Ies.* I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so, Our house is hell, and thou a merrie diuell Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse; But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee, And *Launcelot*, soone at supper shalt thou see *Lorenzo*, who is thy new Maisters guest, Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly, And so farewell: I would not haue my Father Seeme talke with thee.

*Clo.* A due, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweete Jew, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, these foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit: adue. *Exit.*

*Ies.* Farewell good *Launcelot*.

Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me

To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe,

But though I am a daughter to his blood,

I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,

If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,

Become a Christian, and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

*Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salario, and Salanio.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will flinke away in supper time,

Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

*Gra.* We haue not made good preparation.

*Sal.* We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,

*Sol.* 'Tis vile vnlo-

And better in my min-

*Lor.* 'Tis now but

To furnish vs; friend

*Enter Laun-*

*Laun.* And it shall p-

seeme to signifie.

*Lor.* I know the b-

And whiter then the p-

I the faire hand that v-

*Gra.* Loue newes

*Laun.* By your leau-

*Lor.* Whither goe

*Laun.* Marry sir to

to night with my new

*Lor.* Hold here, tal-

I will not faile her, spe-

Go Gentlemen, will

night,

I am prouided of a Ta-

*Sal.* I marry, ile b-

*Sol.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meete me ane-

Some houre hence.

*Sal.* 'Tis good we c-

*Gra.* Was not that

*Lor.* I must neede

How I shall take her f-

What gold and jewels

What Pages suite she

If ere the Jew her Father

It will be for his gentl-

And neuer dare misfor-

Vnlesse she doe it vnde-

That she is issue to a fa-

Come goe with me, pe-

Faire *Iessica* shall be my

*Enter Jew, and his*

*Jew.* Well, thou shalt

The difference of old S-

What *Iessica*, thou shalt

As thou hast done with

And sleepe, and shone, a

Why *Iessica* I say.

*Clo.* Why *Iessica*.

*Shy.* Who bids thee

*Clo.* Your worship

I could doe nothing wi-

*Ent*

*Ies.* Call you? what

*Shy.* I am bid forth

There are my Keyes: b-

I am not bid for loue, th-

But yet Ile goe in hate

The prodigall Christian

Looke to my house, I a-

There is some ill a bruin-

For I did dreame of mo-

*Clo.* I beseech you f-

Doth expect your repre-

*Shy.* So doe I his.

*Clo.* And they haue c-

you shall see a Maske, b-

nothing that my nose se-